

# UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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## "UNITY."

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## NOTES.

The Theological School is not the least important of our higher institutions of learning; but so far it has not recognized the new wants nor the new life of society; it stands in great need of radical reformation.

A new Beatitude that needs emphasizing to-day is this: Blessed are they who awaken in hearts oppressed by religious unrest, or led astray by moral unbelief, a sense of peace or a thirsting for righteousness.

*The American* calls "Paradise Lost" "a poetic reworking of mischievous fable which the world is fast outliving." So little respect has the secular press for Adam; yet what would Andover become without that "mischievous fable" of Adam's fall?

Thomas Jefferson wrote:

"The more proximate remedy to this fever of fanaticism will be the progress of Unitarianism. That this will ere long be the religion of the majority, from north to south, I have no doubt."

A prophecy only partly fulfilled; but the need then noticed is equally great to-day.

Who ever wrote a book on "Christian Evidences" to prove the *Sermon on the Mount* true? But to prove *miracles*, the proofs of that revelation, how many have been written! The truth has been weakened by calling witnesses that need vouching for.

In Robertson Smith's new book, "Hebrew Prophets," we read this hopeful sentence: "When the prophet embodied his hope and faith in concrete pictures of the future, these pictures were, from the necessity of the case, not literal forecasts of history, but poetic and ideal constructions."

Says Dr. H. P. Smith, in the *Presbyterian Review* for April, in an article on "Wellhausen:"

"We wrong the advanced critics when we simply class them as unbelievers. \* \* \* The Christian has yet much to learn by applying to the Scriptures the method which has been fruitful in the investigation of other literatures."

The world moves.

An editorial writer in the *London Times* finds proof "of the reality and rapidity of material prosperity in the United States in the singular absence of excitement in American politics." To us, more valuable than "material prosperity" would be deeper political interest on the part of cultured people.

England has a "Funeral Reform Association," composed of many eminent people, whose object it is to promote a better appreciation of the dignity and simplicity of Christian burial "by discouraging ostentation." How much barbarity persists in the ordinary funeral! and how much indelicacy and superstition linger in the funeral sermon!

"Arnold was right in saying that conduct is the immensely greater part of life, and that the end and proof of religion is conduct. \* \* \* We ought to commend that type of religion which is quietest and humblest, and most pure and just and charitable in every-day life."

Taken from an article on "The Divorce of Spirituality and Integrity," in the *Baptist Quarterly*, by Dr. Crane. That may be very "unsafe" theology, but it is very good religion!

We are in the midst of a growing religion of phrases; the spirit becomes lean on a wordy diet; there is an epidemic of religious eloquence; there



is an unlimited faith in smart talk; people think that all the evils of the world can be cured by fine phrases; our clergy are more rhetoricians than lucid instructors; our radicals are more makers of phrases than prophets of an inspiring ideal. It was Mephistopheles that advised:

"On words let your attention center."

We find the following in a recent "Liberal Lecture" delivered in Boston:

"If the highest we can conceive, as all true mental science has now established, is bounded by our own powers, the supreme obligation of our hearts and minds belongs to the ideal we conceive of what we ourselves may become."

No wonder that such a master of "mental science" feels himself capable of deciding all religious questions impromptu.

Dr. Adler, for whom we have great respect, made the following statement in his recent hopeful address:

"In moments of weakness how shall I refresh my courage? \* \* \* Do the good, and then you will believe in it."

Is not this like telling a man to pump water out of a dry cistern? We have a suspicion that Dr. Adler's ethic enthusiasm outruns his ethic philosophy. Like Glaucon, in the "Republic," he worships an ideal that his logic but poorly explains.

Herbert Spencer is coming to America. It is hoped the clergy will not treat him as they did Profs. Tyndall and Huxley. They may endear religion to many now alienated, by proving by their conduct that religion is not another name for intolerance, that priestly ordination does not paralyze man's love of truth. Their enemy is not the influence of Mr. Spencer, but the moral unbelief of men like old Major Pendennis: "Sir, life, without money and the best society, isn't worth having."

Scientists tell us that pigeons and rabbits will live long after their cerebral hemispheres are removed, if food is placed in their mouths; but they will make no efforts to supply their wants, and, if unfed, will die of starvation, though surrounded by plenty. Exact illustration of the condition in which the church has often placed man: tell man that he must not reason; remove the mental dome; he will sit still and swallow what the priest offers; the spirit will starve in the midst of a universe full of truth and beauty.

The religious gatherings that now fill the land evidence the growing joy in religion. In coming

to learn the worth of man we have learned to smile. Despair at ascetic failures has given place to human sympathy. There is more joy in sanitation than in witch-burning; the joy of Garrison in helping a fugitive slave was diviner than the delight of Calvin in burning Servetus. There is perpetual growth of joy in living the aspiration of the noble Fichte:

"I have but one passion, one want, one all-engrossing desire, to work upon those around me."

Now that the ministers are off on their vacations, we venture to insert the following advertisement:

WANTED.—Religious teachers whose scientific enthusiasm is wedded to social zeal; whose eloquence is not that of phrases, but of profound experience springing from a rich personality; whose critical skill is tempered by the historic sense; in whom love for the new co-exists with reverence for the old; who have the artistic genius by which to expose error, and at the same time keep the soul charmed with the larger truth ever unfolding; in whose work the destructive spirit is subordinate to the positive and constructive; men who can deal out to people the truth, made authoritative by their own life:

"Save from the soul it rises clear,  
Serene in primal strength, compelling  
The hearts and minds of all who hear."

Dr. Stearns, in his inaugural address at Bangor Theological Seminary, said:

"Authority is not in the church, as Catholics say; nor in reason, as rationalists say; nor in Scripture, as the reformers said; but in God, speaking to the soul through Christ."

Too bad that God has so many poor orphans in India! The absurdity of the idea; millions of souls that God never speaks to at all! Where does God operate if not in all souls? Was his authority unknown before Jesus was born? Whose authority rules in China, where Jesus is unknown? Indeed, the theologian is "fearfully and wonderfully made!"

The following criticisms, formerly passed upon Mr. Emerson, taken in connection with the universal applause of the present, teach their own lesson. What progress the world has made! Through what a storm did that genius have to march! And with what infinite patience and sweet serenity did he walk!

He so degrades the Deity, and not only weakens the religious sentiment but saps the foundations of good morals.—*Christian Examiner* 1847.

The essay under the title of the "Oversoul," is the most objectionable of all.—*Christian Examiner*, 1841.

His genius is remarkably tinged with those peculiarities of manner and idea which essentially constitute the sectarian.—*Spectator*, 1845.

Emerson's mind travels round in a vicious circle, and is almost incessantly occupied in inculcating self-idolatry.—*English Review*, 1849.

The poems may be read backward quite as intelligibly as forward. Is the man sane who can deliberately commit to print this fantastic nonsense?—*N. A. Review*. FRANCIS BOWEN Editor.



His ethics are as destitute of authority as his poetry of life and his philosophy of wisdom.—*British Quarterly*, 1850.

He sings a siren melody, which debilitates more than it strengthens.—Dr. BARTOL.—*Christian Examiner*, 1850.

He sits on an American pine stump and whittles curious little pantheistic idols of the Infinite Deity.—*Critic*, 1859.

The occasional friskiness with which Mr. Emerson intersperses his dreary platitudes with downright nonsense.—*Saturday Review*, 1861.

The rugged affectations in which he indulges himself.—*London Review*, 1867.

These critics were not vicious; to them he spoke in an "unknown tongue," because they had not learned his language of the "soul."

## LOYALTY.

Catholicism has stood for Obedience, and many wonders were the creation of that spirit. Protestantism has stood for Liberty, and what divine things has man, in that freedom, done.

Yet, from over much emphasis on Obedience, growth is lost, the new revelation is postponed, the soul is cramped; from overmuch emphasis on Liberty, discipline is lost, authority is weakened, the old revelations comfort not the heart.

There is a higher word, Loyalty, in which the good of both is fused, refined, enlarged; Obedience is held to the ideal, never sinks to mechanical conformity to an institution; Liberty is held to responsibility, never runs into wild excesses of selfishness; Obedience is directed by intelligence, and Liberty is consecrated by noble constraints.

It is on Loyalty that supreme emphasis is needed to-day. Loyalty is Liberty recognized as the condition of wise activity; Obedience directed by cultured reason.

The old saint had Obedience; the sot has Liberty; the root of manhood is Loyalty. Liberty is the free field; Loyalty is the constraining enthusiasm that compels man to dig a harvest out of that field; Liberty is the strong, trained athlete, he may head a mob or rescue a drowning man; Loyalty is that athlete harnessed to a high ideal.

The love of Liberty springs from a consciousness of personal worth; its advocates are apt to be selfish. In Loyalty devotion is turned from self to society; freedom is prized as a condition for philanthropy; its ideal is more generous.

Liberty emphasizes individuality, the basis of personal culture, but not the source of humanitarian sentiment and enterprise; but Loyalty keeps in vision society as well as the individual, organizes social culture as well as personal culture; draws men into association for common benefits. Loyalty lays down a long line; brings into calculation many bearings, and corrects the aberrations

of self-love by constant reference to general interests. There is too great distance between our ideals and our conduct; we need the constraint of Loyalty to draw perception and practice into harmony. Our higher thought is too inert, timid, self-centered; we need a dynamic Loyalty to the Social Ideal to give it propulsion, creative efficiency.

The antidote for whatever poison there may be in the rankest disbelief; the sweet savor redeeming whatever spiritual deformity there may be in the narrowest dogmatism, is moral earnestness; the health of the spirit remains as long as there is Loyalty to the ideal.

We need Loyalty to political principles to make votes expressive of conscience and intelligence, rather than of brute passion and ignoble selfishness; to make politicians guardians of public interests and leaders in statemanship, rather than gamblers with public money and intriguers for place.

We need Loyalty to social nobility to refine manners, where now we find coarse vulgarity; to elevate and dignify public amusements, where now we find bad taste and questionable levity; to cultivate reverence for spiritual worth, where now we find a corrupting worship of material success; to establish and sanctify friendships, where now we find rivalries, indifference, oppression.

We need Loyalty to business integrity to bring to an end the reign of shams, of frauds, of low cunning; to refresh the world with a sense of the sanctity of trusts, with the pride of workmanship, with faith in merit; to hasten the advent of social unity by nobler views respecting the making and mission of riches.

We need Loyalty to a high domestic ideal, enthroning the home as the highest of human institutions, woman's kingdom and man's paradise; so illustrating the beauties and emphasizing the importance of domestic purity that young people shall be better trained to assume these grave responsibilities, and more thoroughly restrained from those indulgences that entail man's deepest injury and society's quickest ruin.

We need Loyalty in religion to make all men true to the light that shines in their souls; leading ministers to cast aside the mask of medieval phrases, behind which they disguise their new ideas and inspirations, and to speak with a power and helpfulness which inhere only in words into which the whole spirit is poured; leading the pews to renounce the ease and fashionable respect-



ability that they purchase at the expense of sincerity and manhood; leading Liberals to be as active as they are radical, to be as reverent as they are rational. Obedience is good, and Liberty is good, but best and divinest is Loyalty.

#### WHAT REMAINS?

In the midst of fierce denunciation on one side and frantic denials on the other, people get confused, and ask, with no little despair: "What remains?"

If clergymen were more anxious to enforce truth than to perpetuate dogmas; and if radicals were more anxious to effect practical moral results than to bombard crumbling creeds with brilliant but often empty phrases, there would be much less confusion, and many would have spiritual convictions and would lead a religious life, who now have no clear, onpressing conscience, and no high social ambition. If many people feel to-day that nothing remains out of all that was once called religion, it is because ministers have unwisely opposed science—they have raised a false alarm; and because radicals have unwisely criticised the church; because the former have been unwilling to accept new truths, and the latter unwilling to reverence old truths. Let a man be perfectly honest about his doubts, but let him put supreme emphasis on the truth, however small, that he sees, and the aspiration, however feeble, that he feels.

Let affirmation spring from a prophetic soul, open to the influences of the present; let criticism end in the larger affirmation.

When God makes a rose, more remains than when he began to animate the clod with beauty; when he stirs the soul of a Garrison with philanthropic passion that marshals the conscience of a nation against a giant wrong, more remains after the victory, though auction blocks for the sale of human beings have disappeared; when he opens the lips of a Jesus, more remains, though Jewish ceremonies and heathen altars be forever swept from the face of the earth; when a thousand scientists turn their microscopes upon nature, when a thousand scholars study words and legends, monuments and buried cities, ancient Bibles and primitive customs to learn the laws of human life, surely more must remain, even if some old dogmas tainted with pagan superstitions and wrought out by the demon-frenzied brain of monks be thereby swept from the faith of cultured men. What remains to the growing soul is always more than what decays.

In the progress of humanity ideas come to approximate the truth of nature; superstition is simply unreality; science removes the mask; it is the universe itself that remains; the abundance of truth invalidates miracles. One office of Unitarianism is to keep the religious world from being panic-stricken; to show, in the midst of confusion, the validity of character, and in the midst of the decay of dogmas, the overplus of truth.

The work of religion needs intellectual sobriety more than wordy eloquence; broad sympathies more than brilliancy; profound conviction more than erratic genius. People need to be shown that there is no cause for alarm, however many traditions many vanish: God only unmakes to recreate; that there is no danger of chaos, however wildly some men may talk; that there is a body of divinity remaining, infinitely larger and more precious than what existed a century ago: the supplies for man's spiritual life are not going to cease, even if one man says there is no God, and another that there is no heaven.

Human nature is not about to dissolve on account of some new theory about the origin of the race. Conscience, as the register and prophet of experience, authenticated by a thousand lives, does not evaporate as soon as a man changes his belief about Jesus or the Bible; selfishness, which is failure to see things as they are, must decrease with the expanding revelations of the soul and nature; alarmists forget that human nature remains, framed in the same reign of law; yes, that man is all the greater, and has all the brighter destiny, because the cramping dogmas have decayed and the demoniacal grimace has faded away. Let not our faith in man be lessened by the dogmatism of the bigot or the fanatical negations of the radical; when man goes to his shop, the pride of workmanship, the responsibilities of a family, the restraints of public opinion, will hold his hand to its wonted cunning and fidelity; when he lays his dead in the grave, he will put a floral anchor over the still heart, and plant an evergreen by the head; and when, on some fair, still, spring morning, he stands before the noble tree in full bloom, feasts on the life and beauty everywhere present, and feels the charm and mystery of it all sinking into his heart, one word, greater and dearer than all others, will rise unbidden to his lips, and he will surprise himself by saying softly, "God."

Instead of a special call of grace, extended to a few, remains the consciousness of an all-enfolding grace, the perpetual influx and indwelling of God



in all souls; instead of a Holy Ghost like "a fitful gust from the heavenly shore," man feels about and within his being the girdings of laws that are alive and all holy; instead of a narrow heaven, to be reached by supernatural covenants and miraculous ballooning, remains the heaven that grows within, as the soul is unselfed and harmonized with the Universal Love: the little, low, narrow dome, with painted stars and false glories, under which we nestled selfishly as our heaven, where we worshiped a God whose being we had analyzed and whose decrees we had charted, to whom we offered advice: this has gone; but how shall we describe what remains?—The splendor of the outer heavens, with real stars, alive with God's own life; over the glories of our own being arches the Parental Mystery, where sight is lost, but wherein feeling finds a throne; bowed here, the heart forgets its petty cares, and ceases to beg, remains only to love and wonder; lost in deeper harmonies, only the cry of human want breaks our devotion, and then we work to unburden the distressed brother that heaven may come to him; there remains, not the selfish bargaining for our own salvation, but the sweet consciousness that we have brought a soul into peace with God.

## RELIGIOUS AUTHORITY.

Authority is organic in the universe. The long-armed gravity that reaches through the immensities; the chemical affinity that celebrates microscopic weddings between atoms; the organic impulse that builds a tree or weaves the gossamer wings of insects, are mandates of a throne that pervades all space. All beings, too, move in circles around a central authority; there is no tangent motion among men any more than among comets.

God has more especially poured himself into humanity; and here we find higher types and more marvelous displays of divine authority.

Progress in organization marks the upward scale of the Divine Incarnation; God distills his own authority into man, through the ages, in the growth of his brain in extent, in delicacy, in complexity; every added brain-cell gives the soul another window for the vision of truth; every co-ordination of nerve tissues, as with musician or linguist, opens a new channel for the influx of divine power and authority.

God seems a wasteful workman, at times; he uses the blood of a whole nation to so write one

truth that it may be forever authoritative; Greece for art; Judea for religion; Rome for polity; spoils a whole quarry to make one statue, but when done it has eternal grace. Thus the authority of ancient men rounds the angularity of our personality; in such the will of God comes to utterance.

We turn to a man of transcendent purity for spiritual authority; his character is an argument that no texts, statistics or statutes can invalidate; moral law incarnate in a personality has an authority that no official ordination can confer, nor is it dimmed by the lapse of ages.

Beauty pleases us, truth strengthens us, the good commands us; a genius charms us, a philosopher instructs us, a saint leads us; art embellishes life and makes the world more inhabitable, learning trains and stores the mind and makes life more dignified, religion regenerates the soul and makes the earth new.

There are many degrees of authority, but holiness has superlative authority; the shadow of the prophet is the longest; the scepter of the Concord seer will fix the destinies of men long after every machine politician is forgotten.

Religious authority has been and always will be a superior influence; the influence of men who have a "genius for holiness."

Religious authority, as it exists organically in the social order, is meant to operate internally, winning the applause of the soul and developing individuality; as thus far applied by the church it has operated externally, overriding the inner spontaneity and destroying beauty and strength of character.

Religious authority must inform, not conform; must stimulate, not narcotize; must act through reason, not through credulity; must be experimentally received, not blindly accepted; the truth it bears must be inwrought organically, not simply believed; not until a statement or personality has been authenticated as true and superior by our reason can it exercise any true authority in our life.

Whatever possesses religious authority has intrinsic self-sufficiency; it does not need to hobble on ecclesiastical crutches; it finds its way direct to the soul.

Only the religious pauper is satisfied with the "Thus saith the Lord," written in a book; man seeks an outward oracle only when the inward Sinai is dumb from lassitude.

Society is held together by religious authority; an authority that acts not officially but organic-



ally, and is one that can be verified. That is authoritative which is found by experience to be in harmony with the nature of things; perception of truth and experience of love are the grounds of authority; a man has true authority over us who, by his own fullness of life, is able to extend our vision of truth and develop in us a holier sentiment; his authority acts not mechanically but rationally; it extends only so far as he enables us to experience what he has experienced. The office of Jesus' authority is to make men like himself so far as he stood for essential truths.

Jesus is an authority to us only so far as he aids us in identifying ourselves with the moral law.

The position of supernatural authority given to Jesus leads to spiritual death by beguiling man into the idea that his salvation is secured by what Jesus did; but a grace perfected in another can only save us as it provokes us to create in our soul an equal grace; Jesus is salvation only to those who have caught the secret of his life.

The word of the Lord has not been spoken to any man until it has been approved by his reason and accepted by his heart.

The authority of Jesus is not illustrated by saying "Our Father," because he so spoke, but in standing on that serene and joyous uplift of experience where human and divine consciously touch, and saying "Our Father" as the expression of the reverence that we ourselves feel.

The true authority of Jesus is on the rise; advancing civilization brings all good men into greater power; reason trims the lamps of all the saints.

Religious authority must be exercised by sympathy, education, persuasion; seeking to make our ideal real in others; to make their actions the outcome of motives that their reason has verified and their love has sanctioned.

All else is tyranny or nonentity; the man who obeys without using his reason has not himself acted.

Any life is wholesome that is shaped by a rational authority that springs from profound experience.

It is futile to believe something to be saved, the reason for which is not seen and the authority for which is not felt; we are saved by the truth that we assimilate and the love that we exercise.

Men say, "You *must* believe in God;" but God does not come to the soul in any round-about way through Egypt or Judea; his course is direct and his action immediate; men are not devout because it is somewhere written, "There is a God;" the

Lord our God is co-extensive with our life; his authority is in all the truth and love experienced. The atheistic soul has got out of the Divine Current and is detained in some eddy of selfishness; the authority to worship God is in the beauty and grandeur of the universe that are seen, and in the mystery of life that is felt.

To be heroic, safe, blessed, we must possess organic authority; we must bear the word of the Lord in our being; in times of trial and danger we are saved by the weapon sheathed in our own soul.

Every morning that man wakes up with a stronger nature, a new chapter has been added to revelation, and new authority binds him to righteousness; but no outward miracle can authenticate a revelation; truth is no paralytic that it must hobble on crutches. No truth is too sacred to be challenged; every truth when verified is too sacred to be neglected.

In some still hour the heavens open, and the Father stands before the "Inner Eye;" the veil is lifted from the heights of being; the divine bond is laid bare; we see the Infinite Life flowing into us; in days of bereavement we go back to this experience, and when our feet touch that Sinai the vision comes again and we feel the authority of God afresh.

We listen at all the doors of the universe for prophecies and warnings; but all authorities, at last, resolve themselves into one, that of the soul.

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## Contributed Articles.

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### ON TIP-TOP OF SNOWDON, WALES.

The wind it roars, the rain it pours,  
But these here tourists two  
Will sleep the night on Snowdon's height  
And wait the morning's view.  
Be this our toast: "The land we boast  
And friends across the sea,  
Who keep the mill a-grinding still  
And edit UNI-TEE."

F. L. H.

Who makes his bed, of old 'twas said,  
On Snowdon's wintry crown,  
Inspired must be, or crazy he  
Would from the top come down.  
The worst, alas! has come to pass;  
This wretched youth, you see,  
Without the bed, has lost his head,  
And after him draws me,

J. LL. J.

July 4, 1882.



## IN THE DEPTHS.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

Our Father, I have wandered from the fold;  
The sunset long has died in wistful gold;  
The phantom-night broods o'er the dreary wold—  
    Lead Thou me on!

The wind is bitter, and the hours are long;  
There is no light of star, no late bird's song;  
I have gone wrong, dear Father, sorely wrong—  
    Lead Thou me on!

The day was bright and fair, but filled with pain—  
The pain of sins; and now the driving rain  
Beats on my head, and joy and hope are slain—  
    Lead Thou me on!

I have not always craved thy helping hand:  
When sunshine streamed upon the meadow-land  
I was content to go alone; now, banned—  
    Lead Thou me on!

Ah! I am weary, and the night is black;  
I have been stretched upon sin's deadliest rack;  
But now, in pity, take the wanderer back—  
    Lead Thou me on!

Faltering and lame, I wander thro' the night;  
Guide thou my footsteps to the starry light;  
O, Heavenly Father, bring me to the right—  
    Lead Thou me on!

Thro' all the dark there is no light but thee;  
Where will I go if Thou forsakest me?  
Worn with the hours, I can no longer see—  
    Lead Thou me on!

## "REMISSION."

ELLA WHEELER.

There is no "sins remission" granted men.  
The place we lose we can regain—in time.  
Not God himself can lift us back again  
    Unto the height we left, until we climb.

There is no swift repentance can retrieve  
A violated principle. No tears  
Can cleanse our stains, no crying "I believe,"—  
    Nay, we must wear them out by earnest years.

For each descent from fair truths' lofty way,  
For each gross pleasure which delays the soul,  
By that soul's gloom and loneliness we pay,  
    And by the retarded journey to its goal.

We can go back, we can regain the height,  
But not by a sudden leap; our souls are strong,  
And countless forces help us to do right  
    When once we weary of the ways of wrong.

## SEA AND SHORE.

ELLA A. GILES.

### I.

#### DRIFTING.

O dreary days and restless nights, when blow  
Wild winds and swift waves leap on every side;  
When threatening clouds hang heavily and low,  
And naught breaks silence but the flowing tide;  
I would you all were over! Danger folds  
Her treacherous, sinewy arms 'round drifting souls.

### II.

#### ANCHORED.

O joyous days! O restful nights, whose peace  
Cannot be spoken! O green shores of life  
Beyond the sea of doubt! I ne'er shall cease  
To smile at foolish fears and questions rife;  
For now I know that God's own kindly hand  
My drifting and my anchoring wisely planned.  
*Madison, Wis.*

## THE BROAD AND THE NARROW VIEW OF THE LIBERAL FAITH.

One may ask, How can what is termed liberal be narrow? The faith of liberal Christians is opposed to what is narrow and restricted, and is a protest against the bigotry of former ages. Unitarianism is the expression of an outreaching—a breaking away from the fetters which the human mind had outgrown, and an asserting the independence and freedom of the human soul; and hence it is in the vanguard of what is liberal and rational, uplifting and ennobling! All this we are ready to concede. Surely, Unitarianism, with its grand history, has accomplished a great step in the march of the world's progress. It came, in its own good time, to bring the gospel of good tidings—that not in ritual and cant and creed and dogma is the destiny of the human soul bound up, but ever God liveth and speaketh to his children; that

"Each day the world is born anew  
To him who reads it rightly;  
Not fresher that which Adam knew,  
Not sweeter that whose moon-lit dew  
Dropped on Arcadia nightly."

Glorious message! like that grand declaration of Martin Luther's—"the just shall live by faith"—how the world has grown benign under its influence!

One would hardly believe that from such a mount of vision any shadow could arise to intervene. But now, behold! even this grand faith is sometimes made to appear dogmatic and restraining and limited. Not in the manner of the Andover creed, by offering us more than any healthy nature can assimilate; but rather, for fear of this excess, by depriving us of really good food—the true "Bread of Life." For instance, it would sometimes seem to take from the faith of Christendom its foundation stone. It would lift the regal



crown from the brow of the risen Lord and Master, which marks him supreme among all the sons of men. It would make him one of many. "It would," in the language of Dr. Peabody, "destroy that image he has borne in the hearts of all who, through him, have wrought, endured, and overcome, and thus his throne would be cast down, his kingdom divided and lost."

No longer would the poet's sweet words have any inspiration—

"Blest land of Judea, thrice hallowed of song,  
Where the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like, throng;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee."

Watts, Toplady, Boner, Wesley, have been dreamers! St. Paul was an enthusiast!

The undying faith of saints and martyrs and heroes for eighteen centuries has been but a passing wave in the rising tide of the world's religious thought and progress. "The realities of to-day surpass the ideals of yesterday! Art has a new birth! Poetry has a new birth! Philosophy teems with new births! These all look forward with confident expectation! Why should religion, which has built up more grandeurs than any of them, turn her back to the new day, confess her creative power exhausted, and creep back to the images of her own idolatry? The Christ idea become human will surpass its old triumphs." Now, notwithstanding the fact that this, as it seems to us, dogmatic statement of the liberal faith may accomplish good, in that it gives stimulus to aroused thought, the other fact, nevertheless, remains,—“We are never reasoned into holy wonder, love, or reverence; there is no fixed proportion between force of understanding and clearness or depth of religion.”

And in time to come, as in times past, in all progress “a few great points will steadily re-appear.” We do not so much march away from events, as we rise to a higher altitude and enlarge the circle of vision.

“Still safe forevermore we hold  
The changeless light of yesterday.”

And how sad the time when, in the language of noble Emerson, “the words great and venerable have lost their meaning! When the mind, haughty with its sciences, disdains the religious forms, the gracious motions of the soul, piety and adoration, as childish and outgrown.” When the spirit of trust, “which is the essence of religion,” gives way to the spirit of speculation, and thus the religious life, however active, grows less deep and fervent.

The mistake with this limited and dogmatic statement of the liberal faith is, it fails to show that the universal in religion is unchanging; that it belongs to no age or clime; and that it is possible for its votaries “to pass from stern, dead earnestness, however narrow, into universality, while remaining themselves.”

Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, were heralds of the dawning day. In primal chords, strong and tender, with the “Magi of the East,” with the prophets of old, they helped to usher in the universal

chorus of “Peace on earth, good will to men.” In later times, and in fuller measure, poets and sages, prophets and seers, have prolonged the glad strain.

How truly may it be said, in the language of Dr. Bellows: “When will the day come that St. Augustine, Borromeo, A’Kempis, Fenelon, Guyon, Bossuet, Taylor and Butler and Channing are to be esteemed less than ever fresh fountains of Divine inspiration? They belong to the church universal, and for all time.”

Until the needs of the human soul are changed the dogmatic in any faith, whether liberal or orthodox, must give way to the broad and the universal.

The heir of the Christian religion and of the universal in religion is he in whose mind “there is substituted for an impersonal drift of nature a profound personal veneration, and where enthusiasm is turned from a blind nobleness into the clear allegiance of living affection. It is not without reason that this change has been treated as the ‘new birth,’ an emergence into new life. Its vast influence is attested by the whole literature of devotion, and especially by its most popular element, the hymns of every age, from the Psalter to the Christian Year.”

Then, in the light of the far-reaching past, and with the freest outlook of the present time; with the most generous welcome to advanced thought, and that reverence for science which our age justly demands, will not the Christian's faith remain unchanged? In the ages to come will it be any less a power in the world's civilization than it has been in the ages past? Can we be sure that the risen and glorified Christ is the center of unity for our race?

Can better testimony be given than has already been given? Not alone Melancthon and Savonarola and Wycliffe and Wesley, but the words of Martineau and Bellows and Channing are none the less convincing. Says Dr. Martineau:

“As all the special goodness, grace and truth of historic men give pauses of blessed rest, and are not the week-day but the Sabbath of the world, so is the divine perfectness of Christ the Sabbath of Sabbaths, the solemn jubilee of our humanity.”

Says Dr. Bellows:

“And we say, in calling us to follow and resemble you, you have owned our divine capacity; you have brought God down to man; you have lifted man up to God. You are thus the Mediator indeed, the true Messiah, the Son of Man and Son of God, and we hail your name and influence with inexpressible joy, and with songs of triumph and gratitude throughout the church and the Christian world.”

Says Dr. William H. Channing:

“Manifestly (notwithstanding all disastrous disappointments, delays and hindrances) the race of man is becoming united around the globe, and the center of the growing unity is the reign of Love and Truth and Peace, so gloriously foretold and made manifest in the life, character and influence of the Beloved Son and Elder Brother.”

In this blessed unity we rest satisfied. While looking out into the broad universe and beholding everywhere the Omniscient Hand; while looking up to our kind Father in Heaven, whose blessings no man can number, we can touch the divine, and



trust the guiding hand as we sweetly sing through earth's pilgrimage—

"Oh! Master, let me walk with thee,  
In closer, dearer company;  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong;  
In trust that triumphs over wrong;  
In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way;  
In peace that only thou canst give.  
With thee, Oh! Master, let me live."

C. A. I.

## THE RELIGION OF BEETHOVEN.

AUBER FORESTIER.

When I was a child I was told that I must play only sacred music on Sunday, and with all the ardor of my youthful being I rebelled against the verdict; for much of the music that was called sacred seemed to me meaningless, while many of the compositions which had never been associated with the religious worship of the churches filled me with reverence. My mature judgment showed me that the instincts of my childhood were correct. The holiest aspirations of the true musician can find no purer expression than through the inspired utterances of musical genius; and many who cannot pray through the medium of words, however sacred, may be uplifted by music, without words, in infinite yearning for that mysterious Power which is above and beyond us, and which we may worship even though we do not understand.

Perhaps few who are not endowed with the artist's nature realize the treasures of the tone-world; but he who approaches it with reverence will gain the power to bestow rich gems on his fellow-mortals. It is a delightful fact, however, that he who comprehends the higher significance of the musical creations he would reveal to others, has it in his power, through a faithful performance, to render this significance crystal clear, even to those who, of themselves, could never pass the golden portals of the tone-realm.

The American public has made wonderful advances since my youth in knowledge of the art of music; and yet there are many intelligent people who have no idea how profound is the religious sentiment of vast numbers of those majestic creations of genius which are not classed with sacred music, but which are as sublime as the most exalted oratorio or mass. Take, for instance, some of the compositions of Beethoven. The master's religion was something far higher than that of the church in which he was brought up; it was one whose main object was the formation of character. In this aim of religion he believed as firmly as any adherent to the liberal faith of to-day. His musical works prove this to us. The leading motive of his Fifth Symphony represents the irrevocable decree of destiny; he himself replied, when asked for the key to this composition: "It is thus that Fate knocks at the door." Throughout the first movement we are constantly forced to bear in mind the

ruthless hand against which every appeal is vain; but we are made to feel that the brave soul may rise superior to the decrees of fate. In the second movement, especially, we become conscious of a noble resolve not to be crushed, of a lofty aspiration; and the final movement, which is like the triumphal song of a conquering hero, teaches us that the struggle for strength amid the bitterest anguish tends to build up a noble character.

It may be said of all of Beethoven's tone-creations of the sonata form (including symphonies, quartets, quintets, etc.), that they are dramatic tone-poems, each of which has a thrilling story to tell, depicting the most varied emotions of the human soul. It was Beethoven's intention to issue an edition of his works in which the idea that was the foundation of each should be indicated, but he died too soon. How great a loss to the world it was that this plan was not executed, we realize when we learn the value of the few hints regarding the significance of certain of his writings that have been faithfully preserved by his friends. When asked for a key to his piano sonata, op. 57, known as the *appassionata*, he said: "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*;" and in listening to this gigantic work we find all the passionate majesty, the exquisite tenderness, the brave courage amid adversity, the final exultation of victory, the triumphal shouts of a spirit set free, that characterize the *Tempest* of the bard of Avon.

Such hints are most helpful, and yet he who earnestly seeks may find for himself the key to Beethoven's compositions. "The reaper reaping early in among the bearded barley" will gather in a harvest that may enrich and ennoble his whole life. All Beethoven's passionate struggles, all his mighty conflicts, end in victory. Everywhere we hear the divine voice of hope; the most piteous wail in a minor key with him may find its resolution in a hopeful major,—his grand soul knows no defect,—it passes triumphantly through might to light. There is much in the musical compositions of all great tone masters to call forth the devotional sentiment; but in my studies of Beethoven's compositions I have been particularly struck with his plainly expressed religion,—the religion whose aim is to build up character.

## EMERSON ON DANIEL WEBSTER.

Having been present at the meeting in Cambridge to which Mr. Conway refers, as quoted in the *UNITY* of July 1st, I wish to say that the most startling sentence in Emerson's address was the following:

After his magnificent description of Webster's intellectual power, he said, with a peculiar emphasis and tone of voice, "Coming now to his moral faculties, he had, so to speak, *a hole in his head*."

As the hall was crowded with students, a majority of whom sympathized with Webster in his seventh of March speech, the uproar, for a minute, was tremendous.

S. S. H.



## Conferences.

### UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The summer meeting of the Wisconsin Unitarian Conference was held at Madison, commencing Thursday evening, July 20, and closing Sunday evening, July 23.

Rev. W. H. Savage, of Leominster, Mass., preached the opening sermon in the Assembly chamber of the Capitol to a large and interested audience. "His views," says the *Wisconsin Journal*, "were of the most liberal character. He showed that the old church had failed in Christianizing mankind. The church had taken the wrong road and history had taken the other. There are many who stand apart from anything tending to moral culture because the church had misled them. A church must be built which will withstand the changes and shocks of time. We must have a church because of moral darkness, a church with a new conception of God and of his government of the universe."

After singing, the following programme for the next day was announced:

FRIDAY, JULY 21.

10:00 A. M.—Devotional meeting, led by Rev. Dr. Thomas Kerr, Rockford, Ill., Unitarian church.

10:30 A. M.—Essay, "Old Testament Criticism," Rev. Dr. Hirsch, Sinai Temple, Chicago, Ill.

1:00 P. M.—Excursion to Maple Bluff and trip around Lake Mendota.

8:50 P. M.—Sermon, Rev. Brooke Herford, Chicago, Ill., Assembly chamber.

Friday morning found the Unitarian church on Washington avenue well filled, and at 10 o'clock the devotional exercises of the Unitarian State Conference were opened by Rev. Thomas Kerr, of Rockford, Ill.

The hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was given out and was sung with a will.

Interesting remarks were made by Dr. Kerr and Rev. Brooke Herford. Prayer was also rendered.

In the absence of the regular Secretary, Rev. H. M. Simmons, Rev. W. C. Wright, of Madison, was chosen Secretary *pro tem*.

The President of the Conference, Prof. W. F. Allen, introduced Rabbi Hirsch, of Sinai Temple, Chicago, who addressed the Convention upon "Old Testament Criticism." This address showed deep research and study of the good book, and listeners appeared to take a deep interest in the conclusions of the learned Rabbi.

At 1 o'clock P. M. many of the attendants on the Conference and friends visited the dock of the steamer Mendota, and in half an hour a party of about one hundred found pleasure in steaming along on the bright and placid waters. A trip was taken around the lake, and several of the principal points were touched. All were highly delighted with the trip; the scenery completely enchanted the strangers on board.

In the evening exercises were held in the Assembly chamber in the Capitol. A large audience was present. Music on the organ by Miss A. A. Woodward opened the meeting, when the choir, composed of Mrs. De Moe, Mrs.

Charles Krum and Messrs. Storm Bull and E. A. Hayes, sang a hymn, the congregation joining.

A lesson from the 15th chapter of St. John was read, followed by prayer and singing.

Then came a most interesting and decidedly liberal sermon from Rev. Brooke Herford, of Chicago. He took for his text the words of the Savior, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The tenor of the discourse was that Christ is the true guide, and if we read the Scriptures, study them well, and abide by their teachings, all will be well. We want the religion of the Savior, with nothing tacked on to it by any other parties or sects. If mankind would follow the simple teachings of the man of Nazareth, there would be more kindness and goodness in men's hearts. No discourse on religion ever given in Madison received more attention than the one in question.

SATURDAY MORNING.

The Conference was opened this morning in the Unitarian church by a devotional meeting, which was led by Rev. William C. Wright, of this city, and in which a large number participated, the church being filled at half-past 10 o'clock.

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Chicago, opened her address by saying that she had intended reading a paper on "Cæsar's Rights," taking humanity for Cæsar, and the rights of humanity at large for her theme; but owing to a pressure of work she had been unable to prepare it, and would therefore read an essay on "The Relation of a Representative to his Constituency, and the Duties of Each to the Other," which she had given before the Chicago Philosophical Society. She stated that it might be considered a singular subject for a woman to choose, adding with graceful tact, "But you know we meddle with everything nowadays."

Mrs. Smith is an honor to her sex, combining with her strong intellectuality rare gentleness of manner and womanliness of character. Her position in her profession is an enviable one, and she is also acquiring a high reputation among literary workers. Her address this morning was, in the main, an able plea for civil service reform, for competitive examination in the service. The address was listened to with marked attention throughout, and was very interesting.

The following is a mere abstract of the essay of Hon. J. E. McKreghan, of St. Louis:

From 1845 to 1882 the Catholics have increased 900 per cent., the Unitarians 150 per cent., and the orthodox churches much less. Does it tend to verify the prediction that the world will become all Catholic or all infidel? The idea is combated, and a substitute is offered that the world will become all Catholic or all liberal. The orthodox churches will in the end practically leave behind them the old dogmas, and their members be allowed to think as they please on the unknowable problems of life. But energy and enthusiasm must be thrown into the liberal side, churches must be something more than literary societies. We must minister to their great spiritual wants. God and immortality must be held on to, preached and enforced. The Unitarian church must be more aggressive, or it will be left behind. No political party or religious sect can long live unless it is fed by some large interest or purpose. It must supply some great need. Mere morality, philosophy or culture will not sustain a church, although there may be found in its disparity of growth adverted to between Catholics and all other churches in New York City. The Unitarian church cannot remain stationary. It must go forward



or backward. To go forward it must dwell more on the great themes of God. It must obey the natural, inevitable punishment of ill-doing, the natural, sure reward of well-doing.

At the close of the delivery of this address, ex-Governor Lucius Fairchild made a few pleasing remarks.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

This afternoon two addresses were delivered in the Unitarian church, one by Prof. J. K. Hosmer, of Washington University, on "The Present Age a Religious Age," and the other by Rev. Dr. Thomas Kerr, of Rockford, Ill., on "The Word and Work most Needed in Religion." The church was crowded to hear the addresses, which were of a high order of excellence and very interesting, the audience listening to them with marked attention throughout.

SATURDAY EVENING.

A social reunion was held in the Unitarian church, which proved very enjoyable. Ice cream and cake were served, and a large number were present to partake of them. The church was crowded from early evening until a late hour by the members of the Conference and their friends, and the best kind of a good, social time was had, and one which will linger for some time in the recollection of those who were present.

SUNDAY MORNING.

The last day of the Conference opened pleasantly, and a large attendance gathered in the forenoon at the Assembly chamber to listen to an address by Rev. Rowland Connor, of East Saginaw, Mich., on "The Sympathies of Religions."

In the evening a sermon was preached by Rev. G. E. Gordon, of Milwaukee. It was expected that Rev. Dr. Hirsch, of Chicago, would speak, but that gentleman was unexpectedly called home, and, therefore, was obliged to cancel his engagement. Those who heard Dr. Hirsch deliver an extemporaneous address at the Unitarian church last Friday morning, anticipated his sermon, which was to have been given last evening, with much pleasure; but they were not at all disappointed in Mr. Gordon's effort, which was scholarly and interesting, and referred largely to the fact that God is believed in because he is, though to demonstrate that he exists is impossible. Humanity, the speaker maintained, believed in the existence of God by intuition rather than by logical reasoning. The sermon was attentively listened to by a congregation which comfortably filled the floor of the Assembly chamber.

At its close Rev. Mr. Crooker announced that the time had come for closing the Conference, which he was satisfied had been a source of much pleasure and instruction to all who had attended, and after thanking ministers and congregation, he formally declared it at an end.

**A NOVEL DINING-ROOM.**—A German manufacturer gave a dinner recently to celebrate the completion of the largest steam boiler in the world, in the boiler itself. Inside was arranged a table for thirty guests; while racks for the food, etc., were ranged along the sides.—*Christian Register*.

Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them.—*Boston Commonwealth*.

## The Study Table.

All Publications noticed in this Department, as well as New and Standard Books, can be obtained of the Colegrove Book Co., 47 Madison street, Chicago.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Continent* for August 2 is filled with interesting things, comprising the "Ætna of the Antilles," "Eugene Delacroix," "The House that Jack Built," poem "Why the Cows Came Late," "Hot Plowshares," the new story by Albion W. Tourgee, and a great many other articles equally interesting.—Prof. Sheldon Amos has in the press a volume entitled "The Science of Politics," which will be published in the "International Scientific Series" as a companion volume to his well-known "Science of Law."—The book "Fool's Errand" is said to have netted \$30,000 for Judge Tourgee.—A volume of German poems is shortly to appear, written by Lieut. Col. Rous, who wrote the "Autobiography of the Story-teller of Constantinople."—The next volumes in Harper's English Men-of-Letters Series will be "Sterne," by H. D. Traill; "Swift," by Leslie Stephen, and "Macaulay," by J. Cotter Morrison.—The new Round-Robin novel is entitled "Leone," and is a story of modern Italy written by an Italian.—Paris is interested just now in a book from the pen of Mme. Edmond Adam, "La Chanson des Nouveaux Epoux," which contains a portrait of the author and ten drawings by Dore, Detaille, Lefebvre, Munkacsy and other artists. Only 400 copies are printed, at 200 francs apiece.—The August *Atlantic Monthly* has two features which will specially commend it to general attention, namely, a fine new steel portrait of Mr. Emerson, which is remarkably satisfactory, and which is accompanied by an admirable article by W. T. Harris, of Concord, Mass.; and a supplement containing a full account of the birthday garden party to Harriet Beecher Stowe, with the addresses, poems and letters. In addition to this the number contains an entertaining travel sketch, "Across Africa," by Charles Dudley Warner; another installment of the wonderfully accurate "Studies in the South;" an entertaining short story, "Some Account of Thomas Tucker," by Rose Terry Cooke; additional chapters of the varied and engaging serial stories, "Two on a Tower," by Thomas Hardy, "Dr. Zay," by Miss Phelps, and "The House of a Merchant Prince," by William Henry Bishop. Dr. Holmes contributes a characteristic, delightful poem entitled "At the Summit," apropos of Mrs. Stowe's birthday. There are other essays and poems, reviews of the most important recent books, and a fine variety in the Contributors' Club. Altogether, the number is one that every lover of the *Atlantic* will especially value.—The *Century* for August contains a portrait of Richard Wagner, engraved by T. Cole after the etching by Hubert Herkomer.—*Harper's Magazine* for August is a brilliant number. It opens with a fine frontispiece, a full-page illustration by Abbey, engraved by Closson. We note especially two bright summer articles, both splendidly illustrated, "Some Western Resorts," by John A. Butler, and "The Cruise of the 'Nameless,'" by Barnet Phillips.—Messrs. Appleton & Co. will publish, early in July, "The Modern Applications of Electricity," by E. Hospitalier, translated and enlarged by Julius Maier, science master of Cheltenham College. The work will be fully illustrated.

**THE BRIDAL MARCH AND OTHER STORIES.** By Bjornstjerne Bjornson. 12mo., cloth. pp. 201. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

The Bridal March was an heir-loom, handed down in the family of (the hausman) Ole Haugen, its composer. It held a mysterious redounding power over each couple at whose wedding it was played, and on the fortunes of these the story turns. The four illustrations by the Norwegian artist, Tiedmand, certainly add interest to the



book, but can scarcely increase the vividness of the portraiture of the eight short stories that compose the second half of the volume—two especially fine, and that well define the scope of the author.

This latest translation is stamped with the same simplicity and truth as the earlier three. The pictures are all animate, and breathe of such "fidelity that I thought it was something that belonged with the mountains and the sea and the grandeur of the entire surrounding nature."

"THE SOCIAL LAW OF LABOR." Wm. B. Weeden. Roberts Bros., Boston. pp. 308.

In Mr. Weeden we have the man of business and the man of books combined; yet business has not dulled the historic sense, nor lessened respect for ideas; while he has brought to the reading of many books a mind of rare vigor and independence.

He writes upon a vexed question in a candid, temperate, yet earnest spirit, displaying a wide range of knowledge and marked originality of thought.

His style is direct, plain, forcible; he often surprises us with felicitous illustrations, and rises at times into sentences of uncommon beauty and suggestiveness.

What strikes the reader at once is the fact that he is dominated by the Social Idea. He views the questions of capital and labor under their social aspects. He reveals his standpoint in this criticism: "Economists have defined and carried capital too far away from this social movement."

He looks upon capital and labor as elements of society, subject to a great Social Force. "The Social Law is the constant link between capital and labor." His point of departure from other authors is thus stated: "Neither capital nor labor employs the other. Society employs them both."

The force of forces at work behind both he calls the "social need." "That social power which issues through the process of capitalizing, uses the accumulated forces of capital with the active effort of labor, and welds them both into new products."

Thus arises the "social movement." And this process, "the converting of capital and labor into more capital," he calls "capitalizing." And the force operating in this process is social life: "The social law of labor is not a mere economic force; it is psychologic, because it is historic."

In Chap. I. he traces the evolution of Person and Property, finding the basis of both in "social obligation." Property, beginning as a joint affair, becomes, in time, lodged in the hands of one individual, both as a right and a trust, and the individual thus endowed with this "double attribute of power" becomes a Person; he carries his own with him, yet he regards his own as encumbered with social duties. This arrangement grew up and persists because it best serves social ends.

In Chap. II. he presents the "Corporation" as "a development of the conception and powers of Person," an enlargement of the idea of personality. "The corporation is to the body social as the stomach is to our natural body. It does not simply hire laborers and sell their finished products; it transmutes the raw labor and

the raw capital into a social product, which again becomes capital, and passes on into further social evolution." Even "great monopolies," corporations somewhat misdirected and unsocialized, "cannot forward themselves without advancing the larger interests of society."

Well does Mr. Weeden remark: "In the steady growth and diffusion of peaceful arts and peaceful aspirations among men the corporation has been a mighty instrument."

In Chap. III. is traced the nature and history of the Guild, which, allied to the corporation, displays its characteristic in "fellowship for protection." "It was an excellent socio-political organization, adapted to a rude system of social life." It was especially serviceable in unsettled states of society, when men needed protection, but such class protection is now a hindrance. "This institution failed just as clan life and the joint family failed; they were not large enough to admit society on the one side, and they were too large for the individual on the other side."

This brings Mr. Weeden, in Chap. IV., to "Labor Associations," which he regards as reversions to the Guild, or lower type, now outgrown. They have failed because "their motives sprang from the interest of one class, and did not inhere in all classes."

They are socially what Mormons are domestically, reversions. "Their method of getting more is not to create more, but to grind more out of some other class."

As labor is viewed as necessarily social, such associations as Trades-Unions, which are unsocial, tend toward the barbaric.

In Chap. V. come criticisms on current definitions of capital, showing how authors have missed its social functions.

In Chap. VI., "Society: Old and New," Mr. Weeden gathers up the results of his study to show that society can be carried forward to higher excellencies and new felicities, not by resorting to archaic and outgrown types, but by continuing the social evolution in the light of historic facts, and in furtherance of that Social Impulse which has all along been struggling for freer expression and diviner results; and he closes his book with the noble sentence: "The power of labor in association, the power of capital in its own essence, are subject to the power of society. Society is social order—the order of all the elements, all the principles and established results of all past life. In the bosom of this divine order rest the four institutions—the Family, the Individual, the Church, the State."

Browning has given the best picture of St. Peters on a festival day, sketching it with a few verses in his large style. And doubtless it is the scene of the grandest spectacles which the world can see in these latter days. Those Easter pomps, where the antique world marches visibly before you in gilded mail and crimson doublet, refresh the eyes, and are good so long as they continue to be merely spectacle. But if one think for a moment of the servant of the servants of the Lord in cloth of gold, borne on men's shoulders, or the children receiving the blessing of their holy father, with a regiment of French soldiers to protect the father from the children, it becomes a little sad.—Lowell.



CONFESSIONS OF A TRINITARIAN.

"A thousand times I have wished and then resolved never again to let myself be plagued with the wish that the word 'person' could be banished from our Symbols and Formularies. \* \* We should set down any one as either a madman or a very vulgar jester, who should address either Father, Son or Spirit by the name of person, or should so refer to Him."

"I ask, with all humbleness, where the idea of Trine-ness is expressed in the New Testament with a doctrinal sense and force? Where is the Triune God held up to be worshiped, loved and obeyed? Where is He preached and proclaimed in that threefold character? We read, 'God is one,' as, too, 'I and the Father are one;' but nowhere do we read that Three are one, unless it be in a text long since known to be interpolated. Nowhere in scripture is there the idea of numerical virtue or mystic number."

"Is not that which I confess to have been a lifelong trouble to me, a comparative novelty? \* \* In neither of these creeds [Apostles' and Nicene] and certainly not in Scripture do we find the expression, 'God the Son,' or 'God the Holy Ghost.' Whenever I pronounce the name of God simply and first, I mean God the Father, and I cannot help meaning that if I am meaning anything. When, therefore, I immediately add 'the Son,' or 'the Holy Ghost,' I am conscious of a departure from the sense I opened my mouth with. The first invocation, namely, that to 'God the Father,' is to me intelligible and clear, for the words bear finite sense with infinite enlargement. But as the words stand, and in the order in which they stand, the other invocations are not to me intelligible. When I pronounce them I feel in a momentary maze, as if a dizziness had come on me, or as if I had slipped and were twisted round. I have had to execute a performance, and I have always done it ill."—*Reminiscences of Oriel College, etc., by Rev. T. Mosley, M. A.; vol. II., pp. 344-46.*

CONFESSION OF AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.

"I cannot remember the time when I liked the Thirty-nine Articles, or thought them anything else than articles of peace, and worth about as much as articles of peace generally are. I do not think that anybody does like the Thirty-nine Articles."

"I could never understand why the Almighty is said to be 'without passions.' In the Bible he is described as loving and hating; as being jealous and indignant, and admiring his own works. Church of England writers tell us that these words mean nothing."

"The Seventeenth Article I always regarded as a piece of rigmarole, and nothing more."

"Speaking generally of the Articles of the Catechism, and of large portions of the Prayer Book, I used to suspect them the work of men without knowledge of human nature, without bowels of compassion, working for promotion and getting it."

"The Church Catechism has been the sorest trial of my long life. From youth to age it is the wheel on which I have been racked and tortured. To me it is a millstone tied to the neck of the Church of England. \* \* It cannot be the natural instinct of any true pastor to make such a string of abstractions the basis of a child's religious education. I could not help liking Charles Kingsley, and greatly admiring most of his works; but I will confess I never quite felt the same respect for his moral qualities after I heard him preach at Whitehall a most fulsome eulogy of the Church Catechism as the best possible basis of Christian teaching."

"I will own that I still think many of the prayers and other forms incurably wordy and tedious. Any man who, in private life, persisted in using two words for one, and in repeating himself continually, would be

avoided as a nuisance and thought an empty-headed, cold-hearted man. On what ground can stupidities intolerable to man be thought the language fittest for the presence of God."

For the earlier forms "much simpler, shorter and more natural" have been substituted, "an abundance of good language—the admiration of scholars, gentlemen and ladies to this day. But the people somehow have never taken to it, and it is only a small proportion of religious households that prefers the Prayer Book to all other devotional utterances."

"No Anglican layman or divine was ever so wildly enthusiastic for his church as to set it up as a model for general imitation. The men who composed the English ritual cannot possibly have had the least inkling of the future of the British Empire. Even the double-minded son of Beor, even the Pagan sibyls, priests and poets, had more of the prophet in them. When 'its peculiar form of the gospel' is offered to the heathen world, it is humiliating to feel that 'the vast majority of its fellow-citizens at home will have nothing to do with it, and abominate it from one quarter or another of the theological compass.'"—*Reminiscences of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement; Rev. T. Mosley; Vol. II.*

Friends, we are all of us familiar with such common terms of reproach as a dissolute man, an abandoned man; but do we duly reflect on the literal signification of these words? A dissolute man,—what is he but a dissolved man? An abandoned man,—what is he but a given-over man? In other words, a man the unity and totality of whose personality no longer exist. The unity is dissolved, the totality has been replaced by abandonment to one single element. Let such terms of reproach be carried out to their just logical extreme, and one may suddenly find himself a little startled. Yes, very true, a man may become so abandoned to whisky that he will let reputation, honor, wife, child, go to wreck and starvation. But may he not—and, to give the other sex fair play, she not—become equally abandoned to business, gossip, ambition, frivolity, to let just as sacred things go to wreck? I could wish it were the custom to speak of a great many other people we encounter besides the drunkards and prostitutes on the street as abandoned men and women,—abandoned to bigotry, abandoned to avarice, abandoned to spite and slander, abandoned to fanaticism,—people of whom Jesus would declare, "Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and harlots shall enter into the kingdom of God before you."—*Francis Tiffany.*

I heard a preacher vaunt his success in some city where the theatre was opened and the public invited to his preaching. His proof of success was the crowded house, where "all the seats were filled, and many went away unable to obtain a sitting." I thought with myself, that is just the success which a theatre-manager might desire for his enterprise. Had one fruitful idea been lodged in the mind of any hearer? Had any soul been brought to a saving conviction of those truths which are the light of all our seeing and which should be the law of all our being? That is what I would know, in order to judge of the success of any preacher. As to the crowds that thronged the house, I remembered to have read that Jesus, "when he saw the multitudes," took his disciples away into a mountain apart, and there uttered those immortal sayings on which, as Renan says, the world has been living ever since.—*Dr. Hedge.*

From the reek of the pond, the lily  
Has risen in raiment white,—  
A spirit of airs and waters—  
A form of incarnate light;  
Yet, except for the rooted stem  
That steadies her diadem,  
Except for the earth she is nourished by,  
Could the soul of the lily have climbed to the sky?  
—*Lucy Larcom.*



## The Exchange Table.

### WHISPERED.

REV. J. FREDERIC DUTTON.

Clearness, composure, earnestness,  
These three: and, if there be  
Another and a greater, it is this,—  
To be, and not to seem to be.  
Yes: live every day  
Up to the highest limit of thy faculties,  
Then give it all away.  
So shalt thou see  
Thy life, full orb'd, rise like a century tree,  
And in its final fruit find perfect blessedness.—*Exchange.*

### THREE WISHES.

ALICE WILLIAMS.

I wish it might be given me to say  
Some little word  
Which, when the travelers in duty's way  
Perchance have heard,  
Shall make the weary path they tread less long,  
Their hearts more strong.

I wish that I might sing some little strain  
To gently steal  
Into the souls of those who writhe in pain,  
And make them feel  
That even these strokes of the avenging rod  
Are sent by God.

I wish that I might bear a little ray  
Of holy light  
Unto the doubting souls that trembling stray  
In outer night,  
Whereby some wayworn soul may haply be  
Led nearer Thee.

Dear Lord, Thou knowest, not for idle fame  
I would do this.  
"Not unto us, but to Thy holy name  
All glory is."  
One "talent" which Thou gav'st, by one more piece  
Would I increase.

But if, O Master, when my prayer is done,  
Too much I ask;  
If not for me, but for some other one,  
Should be each task,  
Knowing Thy will is best, content am I  
To be put by.

I know Thou hast some work, Lord, for my hand.  
Can I not wait,  
Knowing Thy call shall reach me where I stand,  
Or soon or late?  
Whate'er my task, I pray Thee let it be  
Approved by Thee.—*Independent.*

DR. JOHN BROWN, who won for himself a warm place in thousands of hearts by his inimitable story of "Rab and his Friends," is dead. He was the great-grandson of the noted preacher, John Brown, of Haddington. Dr. Brown practiced his profession in Edinburgh, where he was known as "the beloved physician." Many a one of "Rab's Friends" will mourn him.—*Exchange.*

THE FLOWER MISSION.—A lady of Yonkers sent last week to the Flower Mission two thousand clove pinks tied in bunches of fifty each, which on account of their spicy odor were sent to the blind sufferers in hospitals. This kind-hearted lady cultivates this fragrant flower especially for the mission, and during the last summer contributed more than ten thousand pinks. They grow in a small plot of ground, and are so luxuriant that, instead of picking them one by one, they are cut down by the sickle.—*Exchange.*

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—The experiment so often advocated of quieting the billowy sea by pouring oil on the crested waves, has been tried on the other side of

the Atlantic with signal success. During the late Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the steamship *Loch Awe*, in the North Sea, her captain testified that resort to this expedient, after the crew took their only sound boat, saved them. "On the approach of a wave," he says, "we poured out a quantity of oil, and the boat drifting from it, the wave passed us quietly. We poured out about half a pint each time, and it smoothed the head of the broken sea, and prevented it from breaking over the boat." Other experiments, recently made, show the efficacy of oil in smoothing the sea around vessels or boats in stormy weather. It is now conceded that, mechanically, the theory is correct.—*Our Best Words.*

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—One of the ludicrous phases of both religious and anti-religious zeal was recently illustrated in France. A Madame Paul Minck, once famous as a leading Communist, wished to name her new baby by the rather unmelodious and inharmonious name of Lucifer Blanqui Vercingetorix, a desire in which she was seconded by her husband, the child's father. But the mayor of the district in which the parents resided, having apparently the fear of Lucifer before his eyes, decidedly objected to any such name being borne by any baby under his jurisdiction, and, after careful search, dragged forth from its obscurity a forgotten law of 1805, which forbids the employment of names not found in the Gregorian calendar. Probably the child, however rabid an iconoclast he may grow up to be, will yet have a little kindly feeling for this instance of religious intolerance which saved him from the infliction of such a name.—*Exchange.*

A DEFINITE PURPOSE.—There are multitudes still engaged in the old, futile task of trying to bail out the ocean with a dipper; but the reasonable man perceives that he can learn only a few of the things which he would like to know. He makes his selection, and is content. If he choose wisely, his first object will be to learn how to live rightly, so that the life to come shall be only the continuation and complement of his life. He will choose next to learn what he needs to know or has to do in his life-work. And whatever you can do best, begin to do. Develop the gifts, use the powers that are manifestly yours. Some sayer of wise-sounding words once wrote, "Half the failures in life result from pulling up one's horse just as he is ready to jump." But, according to our observation, more than half the failures result from tying the horse up and foddering him until he is twenty-five years old, getting him ready to jump. It is the men and women who begin early to do what they can and use what they know who grow in strength and knowledge.—*Christian Register.*

GREAT IN DEATH.—The lives of the truly great are simple and void of ostentation. Love of display no more enters into the daily life of a genuinely solid man a profoundly intellectual man, than does water into the composition of pure wine. Men of genius and men who do the thinking for the world dwell for the most part away and far removed from the showy things of fashion. They have no time to enter into the business of trifles or to mingle in the pastimes of the butterflies, that love novelty as a moth does the glare. Simple in all things, their simplicity is perpetuated to the ending of life, and even in their entombment no mocking display comes to disturb their going out from the dwellings of men. What more simple life can be well imagined than that of Longfellow—than that of his friend the poet-philosopher Emerson? And yet they were great men. The world pronounces them such, and over their newly-made graves two continents lately stood in mourning. Not only in their works is contained the wisdom they wrote, but in their lives as well, and not the least important lesson to learn is the simplicity attending their peaceful, unostentatious funerals in the quiet country churchyards of Cambridge and Concord.—*Our Continent.*



FROM CHICAGO.—Chicago seems to be very fruitful of Unitarian doctrine. Dr. Collyer got his Unitarianism there and some others. We all know how Dr. Thomas and Professor Swing have preached Unitarian doctrines. In the Episcopal Church the bonds are so slack that a heresy that would convulse almost any other denomination causes scarcely a ripple. A sermon preached by R. A. Holland, D. D., of Trinity Church, Chicago, who is, perhaps, the leading pupil orator of his denomination of the West, before the convention of the Diocese of Illinois, was decidedly more radical than any utterances for which Professor Swing or Dr. Thomas were brought to book. "Inspiration," he says, "is a purely religious, poetic insight into divine truth, the sympathetic instinct as to God's will of a social spirit that communes constantly with him." The ordinary so-called "Evangelical" theory of the atonement, he calls "pitiful in its unreason" and "hurtful to the cause of Christ," and the doctrine of eternal punishment he scouts with a real passion. The most striking thing is that no stir has been made about these utterances.—*Christian Life, London.*

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—A somewhat interesting correspondence, not yet published, exists between certain American consuls and Jas. Russell Lowell, American minister at St. James. A happy thought struck these consuls—that it would be a graceful thing for them to present Mr. Lowell with a handsome bit of plate upon his reaching "the grand climacteric," as they phrased it, of his seventieth year. The happy thought brought forth gracious deed. The plate was forwarded upon the poet's birthday, with a most eulogistic letter. Unfortunately, the "grand climacteric" was still seven years away when Lowell received the happy silver thought of his appreciative countrymen. He was obliged to make the best he could of his backwardness,—to explain that it was very awkward that he had attained to no more than sixty-three years, and to promise to get on toward the "grand climacteric" as fast as ever the conditions of time would permit. The consuls, too, were a little awkwardly fixed; and the whole correspondence, still lying in private drawers, is both humorous and full of making the best of it.—*From a letter from Rev. Silas Farington, in the Christian Register.*

"NO USE FOR WOMEN."—The Detroit *Free Press* has a novel argument against admitting women to colleges: "The shutting out of women from Harvard University, Yale College and other prominent Eastern institutions for the instruction of youth, is based on sound principles. Their officers say, and say truly, that if they should admit women the object for which these institutions were originally established—the education of young men—would be perverted. The standard would have to be lowered, and the whole curriculum demoralized and modified. Nothing has yet been shown to prove that any kind of preparation can fit girls and young women for the course of study pursued at these institutions. Except in very rare instances the female sex has not exhibited any qualifications entitling them not merely to take high rank in American colleges, but even to maintain their places in the studies pursued there." The *Press* specifies, women could not compete in rowing or in base ball. "Not one woman in a thousand—probably not one in ten thousand—could graduate at the head of the class, nor, as we have suggested, sustain herself with any credit in the examination for the test of thirty-eight strokes to the minute. So long as they confine themselves merely to Greek, Latin, mathematics, English literature, physics, etc., they are just about fit for women. But the colleges which are abreast of the age; which of late have won more fame and attracted wide attention in boat-racing, foot-ball and base ball, have no use for women."—*The New Religion.*

THE CONQUERING HEROINES.—An incident told me by Deacon Estey, proprietor of the Estey Organ Works, at Brattleboro, Vt., will bear repeating. I confess the

knowledge of it makes the tones of my beautiful "organ, No. 610," more tuneful to my ("prejudiced?") ear. The Deacon is a great believer in woman's work, because he thinks that the gentler half of creation ought to have the fairest kind of a chance securely to grasp and firmly to hold some honorable bread-winning weapon. He employs many women in his great manufactory, but in order to do this he "conquered a peace" in the following unique fashion. Certain of his workmen loudly complained that women had neither strength nor skill for the duties assigned them. They pointed to the organs into which women's work had gone, and declared that they were failures; that any skilled ear could detect inferior workmanship, etc., etc. This grumbling continued for months, and finally the malcontents came to the Deacon's counting room, and declared that they would not be employed any longer in a factory where such frauds upon the public were permitted. At this the good Baptist brother became righteously indignant, and hurled at them a bewildering rejoinder, in words like these: "You will be paid off, and may leave as soon as you like. While you were out, I carefully selected the pieces of machinery made by the women and placed them on your work benches, putting your work upon those of the women. The organs you have praised have the women's work in them, while those you have declared unfit to sell contain your own." The men quit their words, but not their master.—*Frances E. Willard in Woman's Journal.*

AMONG the survivals of past superstitions still prevailing in civilized communities, there are none more repugnant to the feelings of many thoughtful people than the ceremonies which fashion and custom dictate shall attend the burial of our dead. \* \* \* It should become the aim of all rational thinkers who, in common with their Christian friends, still submit to these forms rather than "make talk" or shock the prejudices of the community in which they live, to dare to follow the dictates of reason in this matter and arrange for something better. Such prejudices need shocking, in order to induce sensible thought and action. It is time to break away from these customs by substituting more rational ones. Not as some rabid iconoclasts have already occasionally attempted, by replacing one set of absurd ceremonies by another set equally absurd, but by obeying the plain dictates of common sense in doing away with all ceremonies not required by sanitary precautions, and by daring to lead the way in making it possible for the friends of the dead everywhere to consult their own feelings and wishes in the matter of burial, and thus make it possible in the future for private grief to be kept free from public intrusion, and mourners safe from merciless comment and criticism in consulting their own feelings. Should there be those who wish to keep up the present customs, let it be as much a matter of course for them to do so as for those whose most delicate sensibilities are outraged by them to adopt other and more congenial forms of burial. If, indeed, cremation even is preferred to interment by some, make it possible that such preference may be acted upon without unkind criticism or comment.—*Mrs. S. A. Underwood, in the Index.*

"THE LAND OF THE FREE, THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."—Now that further arrivals of Chinamen are prohibited, may we not hope to stop the brutality to those lawfully here, for humane men in every land already cry, "For shame!" Those who would abuse a dog as Chinamen are abused in California, Nevada and Colorado, should fill the corners of felons' cells.

"Will you walk into my [country] said the spider to the fly;  
'Tis the [fairest, freest country] that ever you did spy."

We hung out our sign "Emigrants wanted"—no nation barred, no questions asked. On our invitation the Chinaman came, a pilgrim and a stranger, and we were in honor bound to give him "fair play," but we never did



it, and all the world knows it, and Russians may well sneer at our remonstrances against their abuse of the Jew. The Chinaman is hooted by the rabble; crowded from the sidewalk and knocked down by drunken loafers; beaten and driven from his mine and his works taken possession of, and denied justice in the courts, till he exclaims, "I am in a land without law, among a people without principle." It is idle to say that it is only the *ruffian class* that abuses him, as long as *no class* protects him nor punishes the ruffian. If Americans in France were treated as we permit the Chinaman to be treated, what a furore there would be! Yet France never encouraged immigration as we did. The Californian may have some good qualities which the Chinaman does not possess; but if he averaged as sober, industrious and law-abiding as the Chinaman, he would save one-half his taxes, close two-thirds of his saloons and prisons, and discharge two-thirds of his police. Nations, like individuals, overestimate themselves and disparage their neighbors, and we are not so much better than the Chinaman as we claim to be.—*The Independent*.

**THE BELLS OF GRINNELL.**—At Grinnell, Saturday night, after the tornado had passed over and left the prostrate and bleeding town lying helpless behind it, and the people did not know in the darkness and wreck what power it was that had stricken them so mightily, and did not know who were dead or dying, nor what to do, nor where to turn, nor what to think, some of the more self-possessed people who were in the path of the storm, feeling that in some way the people who had not been swept down by the wrath of the mysterious power should be called to the help of those who were, repaired to the churches and rang all the bells as a cry for help. In answer to this strange cry thus rung out in the night and the storm, the people of the unharmed portions of the city repaired to the scene of the wreck, to find such horrors as the world has since had as fully described to it as such unspeakable things may be described at all.

They found the better and fairer part of their city in ruins, scores of their neighbors lying dead in the wreck, and hundreds more groping about maimed and wounded, stunned and helpless under the shock of the calamity, and unable to tell the story of the disaster. Over all was the blackest night, and under foot nothing but wreck, with every heart standing still in its breast at the thought of so many dead near to it and yet unseen, and of so many dying people near to them and yet unseen and needing help. Those who saw the carnage and wreck in the sunlight of the next day, and felt that it was too horrible to be looked upon or thought about, little-know or little can appreciate the horror of those who stood helpless in it in the black night, knowing that they were in the presence of the greatest tragedy ever known in Iowa, and yet not able to find the dead, and fearing that many of the wounded were dying for want of help. With the numbing sense of horror that must have been upon those that came to the rescue, there must have been a far deeper and more utter agony to the living who survived in mutilated form, or wholly escaped the storm, many of whom, who had been carried through the air and dashed down into the mud, must have been on the verge of insanity. As they lay in this pitiful state, beaten by the storm, realizing that many of their friends and perhaps some of their own families lay dead around them, and not knowing what mighty power could so remorselessly have struck them, the bells rang out their cry for help, and through the night and the storm came the wondering, terrified neighbors to the rescue.—*Iowa State Register*.

**THE WELCH UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.**—The Unitarians of South Wales held their anniversary meetings at Pantdefaid, Cardiganshire, on the 21st and 22nd of last month—June. The ministers mustered in larger number than usual on such occasions, all being present with the exception of two. What considerably enhanced the

interest of the meetings, there was present the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, the Secretary of the American Western Unitarian Conference, who was on a vacation visit to his birth-place and relations in his native land, and who bore with him hearty greetings of sympathy and fellowship from Unitarians in the far West to those of the same household of faith in South Wales. Our friend and brother, Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, is great-grandson of the late Rev. David Lloyd, of Brynlllefrith, the eminent scholar, poet and Christian minister, who became co-pastor with the Rev. Jenkin Jones at Llwynrhydowen. Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, although only nine months old when his father and mother emigrated, is able to preach in his native language, and is full of that Welch fire which makes the Christian ministry so popular and successful among the mountains of Wales. He was asked to preach in English in the meeting on Thursday morning that he might be seen and heard at his best, which he willingly did, prefacing his sermon with a short Welch address which thrilled the hearts of his numerous relatives and others present. At the close of the morning conference a hearty welcome was given him, along with the unanimous desire of the congregation that he would bear back with him on his return to the Unitarians of the country of his adoption the kind wishes and Christian sympathy of their fellow believers in South Wales. The appointed preacher on the occasion was the Rev. R. J. Jones, M. A., of Aberdare, who delivered an elaborate discourse in Welsh upon the words, "Watchman what of the night?"

The following ministers also preached, viz., Revs. Wm. Parry, Wm. Rees, John Evans and E. W. Lloyd. The sermons were all good, and were listened to attentively by large and appreciative congregations. A paper was read on "The Sunday School and the Most Likely Means to Increase its Usefulness," by the Rev. J. Hathern Davies. The Revs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rees C. Jones, and William Rees took part in the discussion which followed. The chairman throughout all the proceedings was the Rev. T. Thomas, minister of the place. The other ministers, not named above, but present, who reside in the immediate neighborhood of Pantdefaid, were the Revs. John Davies, William James, B. A., and Jenkin Williams, faithful apostles of Christ in their respective spheres.

The above meetings were among the most numerous and respectably attended your correspondent ever remembers. We have also just now in this neighborhood along with the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, another American brother of the name of Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland, who briefly addressed in English two of our congregations in this district last Sunday, June 25th. This gentleman as well appears to be working heart and soul in the good cause—God bless him.—*London Paper*.

**A GRAVE MISTAKE—IF DEAD, NOT BURIED.**—Miss Phelps, the author of "Gates Ajar," and other thoughtful books, has a remarkable article in the May number of the *North American Review*. In this article Miss Phelps, who is closely related, in more ways than one, with one of the oldest orthodox theological schools in this country, sweeps away the old creeds with startling emphasis. She asserts that "we" or "a growing proportion of intelligent Christians, do not believe that the Bible teaches the doctrine of eternal hell at all," that "the majority of the human race are damned," that "souls are predestined to hell," that "babies go to hell," that "God gets angry," and that "Christ died to satisfy his vengeance," that "God made the world in six days of twenty-four hours each," and that "the Bible is literally and verbally inspired." "We do not believe, and our scholars do not teach us that our Bible requires us to believe these things," says Miss Phelps. In making this clean sweep of the main points of orthodoxy, this daughter of an orthodox scholar and teacher seems to be aiming to enlighten certain skeptics like Col. Ingersoll, who make the mistake of identifying Christianity with the creeds



of orthodoxy, and so reject and condemn all that goes by the name Christian. "There is something pathetic," says Miss Phelps, "in the persistence with which unbelievers of a certain type fire away at buried creeds. *It is like a cannonade in a cemetery. Who is hit?*" Now, in this attempt to correct the mistakes of said unbelievers, to our thinking, this daughter of Andover makes almost as great a mistake. Firing at the creeds (which Miss Phelps insists that "intelligent Christians" reject) is by no means "a cannonade in a cemetery" so long as millions of Christians, intelligent and otherwise, persist in saying that they believe in these very creeds. In fact, these creeds are so far from being dead that they are still made, with the majority of orthodox churches, the standards of faith by which Unitarians and Universalists are condemned as heretics and excluded from Christian fellowship. By these very creeds such noble men as Prof. Swing and Dr. Thomas have been measured and condemned as unfit to preach in Presbyterian and Methodist churches. Even while Miss Phelps was making the above sweeping assertions in regard to creeds which she calls dead and buried, she must have had in mind the iron-clad creed of Andover Theological School. This creed clearly, and in detail, contains the strictest Calvinism of a hundred years ago. It asserts in the baldest and most revolting form the very doctrines which Miss Phelps says are "in a cemetery." Moreover, no one is allowed to teach and prepare young men for the Christian ministry in this school who does not "solemnly promise to open and explain the Scriptures" "and inculcate the Christian faith as expressed in this creed," "and in opposition to Unitarians and Universalists, and to all heresies and errors"—which, of course, would include the heresies and errors of Miss Phelps. And just now, before her article is dry from the press, Dr. Newman Smyth has been rejected by the Board of Visitors as unfit for a teacher in this institution, because of his known liberal views in religion. If this is a graveyard performance—and we are ready to think it may be—it is nevertheless contrary to the custom of acting in regard to dead or buried bodies. Yea, verily, these bodies of divinity which Miss Phelps so promptly reckons as buried in the cemetery of the past, are still very lively corpses above ground, and influential enough in churches and Divinity Schools to turn out ministers and keep out professors who do not agree with them. "Who is hit?" asks Miss Phelps, with some air of triumph. We can but answer that every orthodox church member is hit who subscribes to these creeds and uses them as standards by which to judge their fellow men. "Who is hit?" Why, every denomination is hit that is established upon these doctrines. The most that can be said of these doctrines which Miss Phelps renounces is, that, if dead, they are not buried. In a state of decomposition, as perhaps they are, and offensive to many intelligent persons, yet people still tie to them and bind others to them—yea, bring them into judgment-halls as witnesses to condemn live men and women like the Thomases, the Swings, the Smyths, the Adamases, and others. On this question Miss Phelps has made the grave mistake of administering an anodyne to churches and people who are sick and burdened with creeds that if dead are not buried. The tender-hearted woman would have performed a kinder and wiser office to have given an emetic that would agitate the patient and induce churches and people to cast out and bury dogmas that not only offend "unbelievers" and furnish them with arguments against Christianity, but stink in the nostrils of many intelligent Christians.

NOTICE.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Rexford & Prentice, lawyers and collectors, at room 11, 89 Madison street, in this city. Enterprising attorneys and successful collectors. Collections made on reasonable commission. UNITY's readers will do well to call upon them in reference to any legal business they may have.

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Mrs. M. E. West, .50; C. P. Damon, .50; Edwin Bebb .35; L. R. Riley, .25.

NOTICE.

Copies of "FIRST LESSONS ON THE BIBLE," by Edward H. Hall, are for sale by the Unitarian S. S. Society, room 7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass. Price, per copy, fifty cents.

THE report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, which gives a condensed account of the work of the Union in its various departments—Benevolent, Educational, Religious, Social, Physical and others—for the past year, from April, 1881, to April, 1882, is now ready for distribution to members and friends of the Union. Copies may be had at the rooms, or will be forwarded by mail or otherwise to parties who may address  
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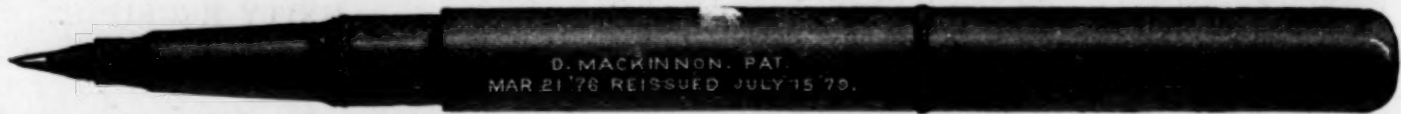
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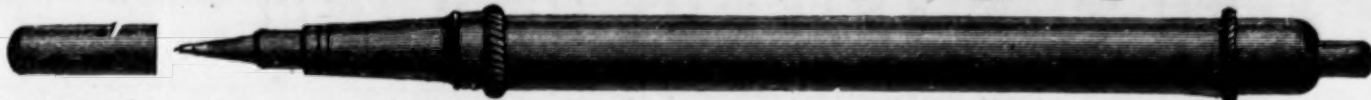
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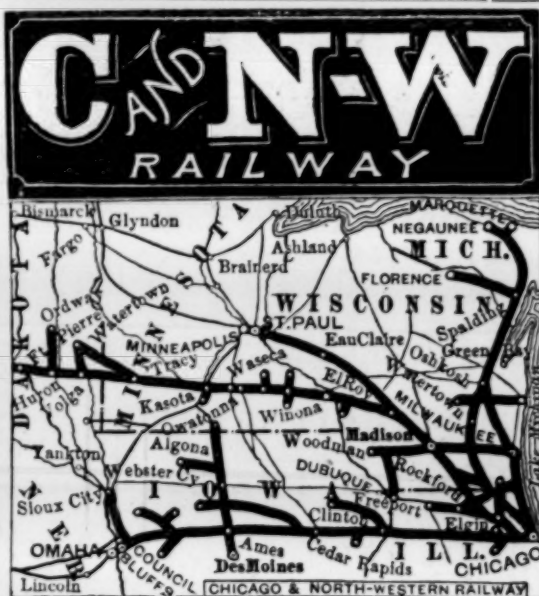
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